

Your Turn by **FrazzledSquidz**

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Summary:

Steve had made a happy noise against his mouth as their tongues met, hands coming up to grip and tug at Jonathan's hips, trying to pull him closer.

But Jonathan was supposed to be the one in charge, right? So he'd grabbed Steve's wrists and pinned them above his head, even as he'd stepped forward and pressed their hips together.

Steve had shuddered beneath him, and Jonathan had felt the other boy's dick twitch in his jeans. "Fuck yes, Byers," he'd breathed, sounding desperate and excited.

Your Turn

Author's Note:

This is technically in the same universe as Elton's on the Air but it's also just porn _(ツ)_/ If you care about characterization, start there. If you just want to read some sex, you're in the right place.

Jonathan slid into Steve slowly, breathless with the way the other boy's spine undulated with the movement, until he was pressed up to the hilt. Steve made a soft, longing sound underneath him and slid his hands further up the mattress, pressing his ass back against Jonathan as if trying to accept him even deeper.

Nancy had told him, right before she left for a girl's leadership retreat for the month of June, that Steve got this way sometimes. That he would get extra pushy and needy and that what he really wanted was for someone else to take control. That occasionally he longed for someone to point him in the right direction and then give him a gentle shove, to say what they were going to do and when so he didn't have to think about it.

Jonathan had been a little skeptical, since that wasn't his impression of Steve at all, but he had started to see it as the weeks without Nancy marched by. Slowly but surely Steve had looked to Jonathan to make decisions, both socially and in bed. His favorite phrase became, "I don't know, man. Whatever you want."

He knew Steve liked it when Nancy got bossy; he just hadn't realized how much. And so Jonathan had started nervously taking charge, finding it easier as Steve happily accepted the direction.

Which was how they had come to this moment, with Jonathan bottomed out inside of Steve, who was on his hands and knees and making some of the hottest noises Jonathan had ever heard.

Though Jonathan had fingered Steve before, usually to enhance a blowjob, this was the first time he had actually fucked him. No wonder Steve usually liked it so much.

“Jon- Jonathan,” Steve gasped, shifting back restlessly, a shiver rippling across his shoulders, making Jonathan feel like his heart had been punched out of his chest.

They had the Byers’ household to themselves, which Steve had initially used as an excuse. “We’re on your turf; you set the pace.” And, honestly, after about two weeks of indecisiveness and waffling Jonathan had been more than ready to take charge, if only to release a little of his own mild frustration.

He’d pinned Steve to his bedroom door, watching his pupils dilate with desire for a moment before kissing him deeply. It was... *thrilling* to take charge. Steve always encouraged him but this had been the first time Jonathan was actually taking initiative.

Steve had made a happy noise against his mouth as their tongues met, hands coming up to grip and tug at Jonathan’s hips, trying to pull him closer.

But Jonathan was supposed to be the one in charge, right? So he’d grabbed Steve’s wrists and pinned them above his head, even as he’d stepped forward and pressed their hips together.

Steve had shuddered beneath him, and Jonathan had felt the other boy’s dick twitch in his jeans. “Fuck yes, Byers,” he’d breathed, sounding desperate and excited.

Well, alright then. Jonathan could roll with this. He’d tightened his grip around Steve’s skinny wrists and kissed him harder, pressing him up against the door until the cheap wood groaned in protest. Steve had kissed him back enthusiastically, rolling their hips together and groaning from deep in his chest.

Finally they’d had to break apart, red-faced and gasping for air. “Get me on that bed, Byers,” Steve had panted, eyes wild. “I want you to *fuck* me.”

They’d wrestled a little as they made their way over to Jonathan’s bed, stripping each other of their clothes and grabbing wherever they could reach. Eventually Steve had fallen back on the mattress and Jonathan had clamored over him, grinding against him desperately.

They had been too wound up initially, so Steve had curled his lubed fist around both of their cocks while Jonathan had slipped a hand into Steve's thick hair and insinuated his teeth around his collarbone, his nipples, his jugular, his windpipe, pumping his hips frantically.

"You're gonna feel so good inside me," Steve had whined, gasping as Jonathan's teeth sank into his neck a little deeper than he'd meant them to. "Fuck I've been waiting for this."

Which had been so shocking and arousing to Jonathan that he'd suddenly found himself coming fitfully between them. Steve had groaned, pumped himself with a mix of lube and semen for another moment, before also climaxing.

They'd rested beside each other for a few minutes, catching their breaths even as they'd kissed and kept absently touching each other. The air between them had remained thick with arousal, though, and soon Jonathan had rolled over on top of Steve again, aching to see what other noises he could draw out of his partner.

Jonathan had started on familiar territory, namely fingering Steve's ass while dragging his tongue and lips along his cock and balls and soft inner thighs, growing wilder with each of Steve's twitches and gasps and exquisite curses. He didn't love giving head (unlike Steve, who was an absolute slut for eating his partners out), but he did love the way it drove Steve surely but slowly completely fucking nuts.

This time, however, the goal had not been to bring Steve inexorably to his climax, but to actually fuck him. And so Jonathan had introduced a third finger when he usually stopped at two and had kept his oral ministrations teasing and light, winding Steve tighter and tighter.

And now here was Steve Harrington on his hands and knees before Jonathan in a glorious display, moving desperately back on Jonathan's cock as he panted and made a noise that sounded an awful lot like whining.

"Let me know if I need to slow down," Jonathan had whispered to him earlier, echoing the words Steve had murmured the first time they'd tried anal together, all those months ago. But currently

nothing about Steve was telling Jonathan to ease up.

So Jonathan followed his instincts. Leaving his right hand around Steve's waist, he pushed his left up his back and threaded it into the thick of his sweaty hair, gripping it tightly.

"Fuck yes," Steve managed to get out, right before Jonathan started thrusting into him, slowly building his momentum. Really, it wasn't dramatically different than sex with Nancy, except that Steve was so tight.

It was incredibly hot, how vocal Steve was during sex. This time was no exception, with the other boy letting out strained gasps and moans and whimpers every time Jonathan pushed all the way in, tugging on his fistful of hair.

But he wanted to see if he could make Steve *scream*.

With that goal tantalizingly in mind, Jonathan started subtly changing the angle of his thrusts. It had taken them a little while to reliably find Jonathan's prostate their first time together. But thankfully he found Steve's almost immediately, evident by his startled yelp of pleasure, just by angling his hips a little more up.

Steve cried out raggedly as Jonathan hit it again. He fell onto his elbows, which tightened Jonathan's pull on his hair, which made him yell louder. Flush with desire and anticipation, Jonathan kept up his firm hold and increased the pace of his thrusts, pounding into him mercilessly.

"Fuck, fuck, Jonathan," Steve chanted breathlessly, shoving his hips back to meet Jonathan's thrusts. "Fucking harder, fuck-!"

Jonathan panted hotly, going as fast and as hard as he dared, chasing his orgasm down. Steve shifted one hand and made to reach between his own legs. In a flash of inspiration, Jonathan yanked on his hair, making him gasp. "No," he managed breathlessly. "I want to do it."

Steve whined. "You *are* doing it!" he protested, but moved his hand away anyway.

"I-" Jonathan started to say before his orgasm knocked him over the

head. With a strangled cry he buried himself into Steve and came for what felt like forever.

He gently pulled out, panting wildly, his hair dangling in damp strands in his face. Jonathan was both exhausted and euphoric. And absolutely desperate to get Steve off.

“Holy shit,” the other boy panted, sliding forward until he was resting on his belly. He made a soft, needy sound, hips grinding absently into the bedding.

Jonathan stretched out beside him, catching Steve's lips in a breathless kiss as the other boy turned to face him. Jonathan pushed some of Steve's messy hair out of his face, dazzled by his dark-eyed look of longing. He had done that, and all by himself.

He wanted to tell Steve that he looked beautiful, but was gripped by a sudden anxiety that such a compliment wouldn't be welcome.

Steve turned his face up a little, pressing a hot kiss to Jonathan's palm, his breath hitching sporadically. Biting his lower lip, Jonathan moved his hand back, gently touching Steve's damp shoulders and making his eyelashes flutter. Using the tips of his first two fingers he slowly drew his hand further south, following the temptation of his spine.

Steve's brown eyes met Jonathan's, a wild question within them, as Jonathan let his fingers slip between Steve's cheeks, still slippery with lube, and brush against the sore heat of him. The ragged breath he drew and the way Steve's eyes fluttered as he turned his face into the bedding would haunt Jonathan's dreams for months.

Steve sighed out a moan and drew one knee up as Jonathan curled two fingers up inside of him, quietly gasping at the wet mess of lube and semen that greeted his fingertips. He shifted up, searching, and found that extra spongy bit that made Steve cry out and buck and fist the sheets tightly.

“Goddamnit,” Steve moaned, shifting restlessly.

A delighted, breathless laugh escaped Jonathan. He pressed against

his prostate more, rubbing firmly, feeling heat spike in his belly as Steve yelped and thrashed beneath him. Jonathan heard some seams rip as Steve balled up the sheets in his fists, yanking at them.

“Jonathan!” Steve yelled loudly, digging his forehead into the bed.

“Yeah?” he breathed, keeping up his relentless pace.

“Oh god please- please let me come,” he moaned, shivering.

Jonathan pressed a kiss to his shoulder, murmuring, “No one’s stopping you.”

Steve whined, thrusting his hips back to meet Jonathan's fingers. “I don't- I don't think I *can* just from this!”

He pressed his teeth in, gently. “I believe in you, Steve.” There was a wonderful, delicious power in this. At any moment Steve could ignore him, shake him away, do whatever he wanted to get himself off. But instead he sobbed and moved back frantically, his shoulders a bundle of tension.

God he was beautiful. Jonathan sank his teeth into his shoulder the same time he inserted a third finger, pushing into the bundle of his prostate firmly.

Steve stuttered out a loud cry, arching his back and frantically bucking his hips as he came explosively, all up his chest.

He collapsed after a few long moments, gasping and shuddering. Jonathan gently removed his fingers and pressed up against him, absently stroking the wet insides of his thighs and pressing kisses wherever he could reach on Steve's arm, shoulders, and back.

When he had calmed down some, Steve turned to face him and scooted them over, away from the significant wet spot on the bed. He cupped Jonathan's ribs with his left hand as he sealed his lips in a lingering, sweet kiss. Jonathan's hand settled on his waist, keeping him close.

“Damn, Byers,” he smirked.

Jonathan looked at the brown of his eyes, moving his hand up to comb errant strands of hair from his forehead. "Too much?"

Steve grinned, loose and happy. "Never," he countered, dropping a kiss on the tip of Jonathan's nose.

Author's Note:

(I also started publishing my original stuff on AO3
:D)